No. 103

MADAM Semphronia's Farewel, OR AN ELEGY

On the Dutchess of Portsmouth.
14. Feb. Written by D. P. 1680

STay Gentle Thames, one moment stay thy Course,
And of my Ruine view the Fatal Source.
To Thee *Semphronia* will her sorrow tell,
And then for ever must thee bid farewel.
In her the greatest, saddest Scene thou'lt see,
Of Love and Fortunes strange Inconstancy:
They once did strive my hours with Joys to Crown,
But now Conspire to pull my Glories down.
Thou knowest, when first upon thy Banks I came.
I set all those who saw me in a flame..
No Heart approacht me, but did Tribute pay;
I made a thousand Conquests every day.
But more than Millions, one I much did prize,
A Mighty Prince subdued by my Eyes.
Heavens! with what Lustre did he make his Courts?
What Maid? what Goddess could maintain the Forts?
Such Arts, such tempting Forts he did employ,
To such a Lover, what Nymph could 'ere be coy.
Him all my Virgin-Treasure I did give,
Gods! in what Bliss and Rapture did we live.
By every Courtier I was then Ador'd;
And Offerings brought by each Aspiring Lord.
All Foreign Ministers to me did crow'd;
Nay, Zeal, Religion too, then to me bow'd:
Even Thou thy self, thy Streams would'st often stay;
Curl, then run on, so smooth, so pleas'd and gay:
All those that saw Thee, said thou wert inspir'd,
Thy waters sparkling, they thought I thee had fir'd.
Such were the Triumphs of my Blooming Reign,
I thought I could do nothing then in vain.
But now alas I find my self deceiv'd,
And of my pleasant Joys and Hopes bereav'd.
Envy, that constant Enemy to Bliss,
Was mad, my Ruin it so long should miss.
It then Caball'd, New Beauties brought to Court,
In Swarms they came, in Flocks they then Resort;
And each ambitious Courtier chose some One,
Expecting she would all my Charms Dethrone;
But all their Powers and Beauties I defi'd,
Their Arts, Enchantments, Dazlings I out-vi'd;

And

And did them all so utterly defeat,
That they with shame and blushes did retreat.
And when they saw that all this was in vain,
They then did trye my Loyalty to stain.
Of horrid Treachery I was accus'd,
And that the Noble Favour I abus'd.
That I French Interests did most promote,
And Cabinet-Secrets to their Council wrote.
That Plots and Treasons did my thoughts all steer;
That Popes and Jesuites my chief Favourites were.
In this their Malice did cruelly succeed,
And the whole Nation cry'd I ought to bleed.
Tho' I was brought into a wretched state;
The Great Ones horrour, and the Peoples hate.
My Noble Lovers nothing would believe
They bid me leave my Tears, and cease to grieve.
New Favours they bestow'd, seem'd more inflam'd,
And me they chid if the least fears I nam'd;
Yet I the Peoples fury to appease,
And that I might be safe and more at ease,
The Plotting Party I did quite disown,
And the next Heir would have put by the Throne.
The Parliament I seem'd to countenance,
And for to check the Interest of *France*.
By such like courses I the people pleas'd,
And in few weeks all their fierce anger seiz'd.
I fancy'd then I was for e're secure,
That Love and Fortune must my Yoke endure.
But they both my Ruin have contriv'd,
And at one blow of all I had depriv'd.
Love now New Beautys, has brought into play,
To whom my Lovers now do honour pay.
Now all my Glories will Ecclipsed be,
And I must stoop to Fortunes Tyranny.
Respects and Honours that to me were paid,
Now at the Feet of others must be laid.
And all the Incense I did e're receive,
To other sparkling Stars I now must leave,
Each Fawning Courtier, their Triumphs do tend;
And now, that my great Empires at an end,
They smile and laugh, nay, and they scorn me too,
Even those who did with adoration woe.
Such is the fickleness of this fond world,
To day we're high, to morrow down we're hurl'd,
But I forget, I Thee too long detain:
And keep thee from the Bosom of the Main.
Goe on, kind Thames, goe on, pursue thy way,
And pardon me that I have made thee stay.
To make amends, thy Streams I will encrease,
With Flouds of Tears, that never, never cease.
And that thy Tide may the more swiftly flow,
A Gale of Sighs shall like a Tempest blow.

FINIS.